Vol. VI. Numb. 3

THE OBSERVATOR.

On the Passing of the Union-Bill. *The* Country-man's *Pastoral Poem upon that Occasion. Inscrib'd to his Neighbour* Blunt. *Of the* Country-man's *Poetical Maggot.*

From Saturday, March 8. to Wednesday, March 12. 170⅞.

Country-m. HEre's to thee, thou bold *Britain*, in a Bumper of *October*.

Obs. Why *Britain*, *Roger*? I am no *Welsh*-man.

Country-m. Master, we are neither *Welsh*, *English*, or *Scots*, but all *Britains*, and *Great Britains* too: The *Union* Act is past; Yesterday the Queen was at the House.

Obs. Then, *Roger*, there is that done in (I hope) but a short Part of her Majesty's Reign, which had been the Business of an hundred Years before.

Country-m. Master, I found Abundance of People upish, and many downish on this Occasion; but my Neighbour *Blunt*, being along with me, we lik'd the Thing well enough, because it cramp'd the Papists and High-flyers: So in good Truth, we went to the Tavern, and call'd for a Quart Pot full of Sack Wine, and we toasted about to the Union, the Queen, and all the good Folks that are for Union and Concord; but before we had gone very far, my Poetical Maggot began to bite, and then tumbling thro' my Snout upon my Paper, he crawl'd out these Verses.

A Country Fellow ought to tell a Country Story like himself, otherwise it seems unnatural and forc'd; affected Notes, and study'd Eloquence, is the Peculiar, the Property, the Business of a Courtier, that speaks, writes, and does every Thing for his own Interest; that loves every King or Queen, just as my Hog does an Apple, only to devour it. Now, Master, I being a plain Fellow, that loves the Queen, not out of Interest, but out of real Respect; not for Profit, for we have both lost by the Bargain, did think fit to make a plain Poem, and to call it *A Pastoral Dialogue*, spoken by two Nymphs, one representing *England*, and the other *Scotland*, seated on one of the *Welsh* Mountains, where they could (with better Eyes than mine) exactly see both Kingdoms. The *English* Nymph, I christen'd *Albia*, and the *Scots* Nymph, I nam'd *Caledonia*. Now, Master, before I proceed, I must tell you, that we mean the Queen very often in this Dialogue; does not that look disrespectful to her Majesty? I would not transgress in a Thing of that Nature, (tho' thro' Ignorance) for the whole World.

Obs. Not in the least, *Roger*; you have a better Authority than *Parvis componere Magna*, than Allowance, to compare small Things with great: You have the Examples of the best Poets among the Ancient *Greek* and *Latin*, as also among the Modern in all Languages, that have treated of sublime Subjects in humble *Pastoral*. Let me hear what thy Nymphs speak.

Country-m. I will give it you just in the plain Form as I wrote it.

A Pastoral POEM on the UNION. Inscrib'd to my Neighbour *Blunt*, who was at the Writing of it; as also to my Wife *Joan*, my Son *Tom*, my Daughter *Jug*, and all the good high-shoon Folk that live upon our Green, and love her Majesty of *Great BRITAIN*.

THE Nymphs a steepy Mountain did ascend,
Where CAMBRIA *does its lofty Crest extend.*
No stately Mansions grac'd the barren Ground;
No Woodbine Rooms, with Rosy Beds, were found;
No luscious Fruits, to cool or slack the Thirst,
But Things appear'd as when created first;
The Air serene and clear; the gentler Breeze
Brings Aromatick Sweets; tho' not from Trees,
From humbler Thyme Erratick here does grow,
Tho' piercing Tempests keeps its Stature low.
The Nymphs ascending the vast steepy Hill,
The Flocks and Herds do with Amazement fill,
Leaving the Pastures they forget to graze,
Erect their Heads, and at the Nymphs they gaze,
Who underneath a Bush by Tempests blown,
A natural Arbour to the View is shown.
Here at each Look they could employ their Sight
From Northern ORCADES *to* Southern WIGHT.
Here 'twas they sate, and not a Word they spoke,
'Till beauteous ALBIA *thus her Silence broke.*

Alb. MY *dearest* CALEDONIA *now appears,*
After a Contest of long hundred Years,
With joyful Wreaths around her happy Brow,
Where dismal Yew too long, alas! did grow.
Come, Sister, speak; we're eas'd of all our Pains;
No more your Legs shall drag the servile Chains,
Or Flocks disturb'd, shall ravage o'er the Plains.
Our Royal SHEPHERDESS, *both good and bold,*
Unites the Flocks in one commodious Fold.
Here they securely sleep and rest at Night,
No Gallick *Wolves the fleecy Tribe affright;*
By Day they graze, and most securely roam.
What joyful Bleatings from the Sheep-walks come!

Cal. HEALTH *to our Royal* SHEPHERDESS, *and may*
Her Name, united to eternal Day,
From hence to distant Gath *with Fame be known,*
As in the spacious Streets of Askalon.
May Ages yet unborn, her Altars raise,
Proclaim her Vertues, and Record her Praise.

Alb. WHILST *winding* Thames *shall meet and kiss* (*the Sea,*
Unite, and Nature's just Commands obey;

Whilst

Whilſt on its lovely Banks the Herds ſhall rove,
And beauteous Swans upon its Waters move;
(Union in Rivers too ſhall be agreed,
And Thames *ſhall murmur with the diſtant* Tweed,
Ripling o'er Shoals, their Sounds ſhall all agree,
And teach their Notes unto the Cambrian Dee;)
Whilſt the black Herds ſhall in the Meadows rove,
And Sheep the ſhorter Graſs ſhall eat and love;
Whilſt Thyme adores this lofty Mountain's Head,
And Bees from it ſhall ſuck their daily Bread,
With loaden Shanks flee to their Store, the Hive,
So long Great ANNA *and her Fame ſhall live.*

Cal. WHILST Northern *Hills are ſpread with (beauteous Flocks,*
And Waves ſhall waſh the Caledonian *Rocks;*
Whilſt Seas, like mighty Iſlands, riſe and ſwell,
And Fiſh beneath thoſe moving Mountains dwell;
Whilſt Human Breaſts ſhall Gratitude expreſs,
So long ſhall live our Royal SHEPHERDESS.

Alb. SEE *the Effects of* UNION! ——
Nature, methinks, does raiſe its drooping Head,
Long Time with Fumes and gloomy Vapours ſpread;
The dire Hyſterick *Paſſion now does yield,*
Black Forms retreat, when UNION *takes the Field.*
The Iron God leaves hammering his Steel,
And the fierce God of War forgets to kill.

Cal. TRIUMPHANT UNION *does aſcend on high.*
How bright's the Sun, and how ſerene the Sky?
And o'er the Meads what Flocks of Halcyons *fly?*
See how the Crowd augments on yonder Plain!
Each Nymph rejoycing with her amorous Swain.
Myrtilla, *who ſuch Coyneſs late expreſt,*
Now lays her Head on her Philander's *Breaſt.*
Envy's ſupplanted by Cœleſtial Love,
They all in UNION's *Circle dance and move.*

Alb. UNTO *our View the beauteous Forms appear,*
But no leſs worthy are the Notes we hear:
At once we pleaſe the Sight, and feaſt the Ear.
What Harmony the winged People bring!
How they unite in Voice, and how they ſing!
And make the Woods and verdant Buſhes ring!
The Black-bird, Thruſh, and Linnet, do out-vy;
The Lark deſcends in Chorus *from the Sky,*
And little Robbin *does his Trebble try.*
Both Men and Birds their warbling Voices raiſe,
And ſing our SHEPHERDESS *and* UNION's *Praiſe.*

Cal. SURELY *no Human Joy can perfect be.*
Lord! what a hideous ugly Sight I ſee?
What jarring Sounds, what unharmonious Noiſe,
More like a Devil's, than a Human Voice,
Salutes my Ears! ——

Alb. *I'll tell you, Siſter, who thoſe Monſters are;*
And telling, is a Caution not to fear.
Theſe are the Elves *and* Satyrs *did oppoſe,*
And up in Rage againſt the UNION *roſe;*
Who in black Plots did wickedly combine,
And ſtriv'd our Mounds of Peace to undermine:
Baulk'd in their Enterprize, they grin and howl,
And ſpend their Age in one eternal Growl.
THOSE *unclean Birds, that hover in the Air,*
All High-Church Cormorants *and* Burrards *are,*
Who, baulk'd of Rapine, and of Blood below,
Extend their Wings, and in the Air they row.
In Malice impotent they ſcreek and cry,
And ſquirt on honeſt People as they fly.

But UNION, *with its radiant Beams, you'll find,*
Will ſtrike 'em dumb, as well as make 'em blind.

Cal. MY *deareſt Siſter, now the Night draws on,*
And we are left by the declining Sun,
The Shepherd to the Fold the Flock does call,
And longer Shadows from the Mountains fall,
Let us retire to Alcboves, take our Eaſe,
And dream of UNION, *and the Sweets of* PEACE.
Sic cecinit ipſe ROGERUS de ſacro Nemore.

Obſ. Very well done, *Roger*, thou'lt improve in the Rhyming Art.

Country-m. My Poetical Maggot is a pure ſleek Creature, as plump as a Partridge, he is not fed with ſmall Beer, and Bread and Cheeſe, but he lives upon good Beef and Pudding, and tipples *October*; he's an honeſt Maggot too, and never bites but when there is Occaſion. I don't queſtion, Maſter, but a great many other Maggots will crawl after mine in this Subject, with their Poems inſcrib'd to hugy great Volk; but I don't care for that, mine's as honeſt a Poem as any one of theirs will be; and as for its Poetry, it was done at a Heat, at one Sitting over a Cup of Canary. Let them make as much Haſte, and ſee who ſpeeds beſt.

Obſ. Roger, I thank thee for thy Poetical Entertainment; I had a Word to ſpeak to the Union, but muſt leave it to another Opportunity.

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